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THE GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE CHEYENNE

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

THE Cheyenne have two great mysteries—the medicine arrows and the sacred hat. These came to them long, long ago, brought by their culture heroes, and have always remained their most sacred and most cherished possessions. They were a spiritual protection to the tribe, talismans given them by the Creator to help the people to health, long life, and plenty in time of peace, and in time of war to protect and strengthen them and give them victory over their enemies. So long as due reverence was paid to these relics, and the ceremonies were performed which the culture heroes had been taught and had told them must be practiced, the influence of these protective gifts was beneficial and helpful, but failure properly to respect them was certain to be followed by misfortune to the tribe.

MAHŪTS', THE MEDICINE ARROWS

It is believed that the arrows (Mā hūts') belonged particularly to the Tsīs tsīs' tās, or Cheyenne proper, while the sacred hat belonged originally to the Suh'tai. The arrows were therefore received by Mōt sī ī' ū īv, while the sacred hat was received by Tōm ō sīv' sī, Erect Horns, sometimes also called Hō īv nī ěsts', Standing-on-the-ground. Some of the stories declare that these two heroes were in the sacred lodge of the Mā ī yūn' at the same time and received the two tribal "medicines" and the instructions concerning them at the same time. Other accounts declare that Standing-on-the-ground brought out the hat from the spring called Old Woman's Water at the same time that the buffalo and the corn were received. The story of the Cheyenne culture heroes, as I have received it, is told in two papers already printed.¹

The arrows were a medicine for the men alone—women might

¹ *Journal Am. Folk Lore*, vol. xx, p. 169, July–Sept., 1907, and vol. xxxi, p. 3, Oct.–Dec., 1908.

not look at them. The hat was chiefly for women. Both were strong war medicines.

The arrows are sometimes referred to as the first the Cheyenne ever saw—the models from which all subsequent arrows were made—but this is not the case. The medicine arrows appear rather to typify subsistence and defense. Two of them, called “buffalo arrows,” represented food, because it was by arrows that they procured food—the flesh of animals. The other two were called “man arrows” and represented war—perhaps victory over their enemies, perhaps only a means of attacking their enemies. The hat more directly representing food—and called *Ís' sī wūn*, buffalo—had to do with the immediate things of the camp, food, health, clothing, and shelter.

Many widely different stories of no special importance are told to account for the coming of the arrows, but the true tradition is as given in the articles referred to.

The shafts of these arrows are like those of ordinary arrows. The heads are of stone and small. The wood of the arrows does not appear to be that commonly used for this purpose—the cornel or dog-wood. Arrows when kept tied up for a long time usually become bent and warped, but the Pawnee, who have had two of these arrows in their possession for eighty years, declare that they have not become bent.

The shafts and heads of the arrows are supposed to be the ones that were originally brought by the culture hero but the feathers and the sinews have been frequently renewed. The buffalo arrow-shafts were painted red, while the man arrow-shafts were black. The man arrows were feathered with the tail feathers of the war eagle and the buffalo arrows with the tail feathers of the gray eagle, the young of the bald eagle.

The arrows were in charge of a certain especially appointed man, and it was the duty of his wife to carry them according to the ritual received by *Mōt sī ī' ū īv*, from the spirits, the Listeners-above-the-ground (*Hē ām' mā mā ī yūn' tsī āst' tō mūnī*) and the Listeners-under-the-ground (*Āstū' no mā ī yūn' tsī āst' tō mūnī*). This ceremonial way of carrying the arrows has been described in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* as already noted.

The keeper of the medicine arrows from his charge of this most important mystery was in a sense the director of the tribe's affairs. The office belonged to a special family. If the keeper of the arrows died, his younger brother took them or his son—if old enough,—and again the brother or son of this man. The present keeper is Little Man, the cousin of Black Hairy Dog, his predecessor. Black Hairy Dog received them from his father, Stone Forehead, who, from his office, was called by the whites Medicine Arrow. He was preceded by Lame Medicine Man and he, by Elk River, while White Thunder was the keeper of the arrows in 1830—and nobody knows how long before—and until his death. He is the earliest arrow keeper known, but in traditions telling of a move of the arrows against the Shoshoni, which is believed to have taken place in 1817, mention is made of a man named Dog Faced Medicine Man, who may perhaps have been the arrow keeper at that time. The known arrow keepers are six, and the list carries us back about eighty years. These are, to recapitulate:

Wōhk pī nō nū'mă, White Thunder, killed in 1838 as an old man, perhaps 75 years of age.

Mō ē ʻ ō hē, Elk River, died in 1838 from swallowing the juice of the root sacred to the arrows. He misunderstood his duty, and instead of merely holding some of the root in his mouth while performing the ceremonial acts, he chewed it and, swallowing the spittle, was poisoned, and died.

Mā ʻ yūn' ʻ nūhk nihk'', Lame Medicine, died in 1849 after the cholera.

Hō hō nāi' ʻ vī ūhk' tăn u, Stone Forehead, died in 1876 while on a visit to the Northern Cheyenne.

Mūhk stā' ʻ pih' pih'', Black Hairy Dog, the son of Stone Forehead, died about 1883.

Hāh kē', Little Man, cousin to Black Hairy Dog.

The arrow keeper, when he expected to die, was likely to designate his successor in the care of the arrows, and his wishes would be respected. If, however, he designated no one, and there was no relative who cared to assume the charge of them, any man was at liberty to go to the family of the arrow keeper and say that he would take them in his care.

The man assuming the charge of the arrows was expected to make a sacrifice in a special way. From the top of the shoulder, the

upper arm, the fore-arm, and the outside of the thigh on both sides, from over both shoulder-blades and from over the loin of either side, four narrow strips of skin were cut, those on the arms being about two inches long and half an inch wide, those on the legs and back about three inches long (fig. 58). Besides this, on the outside of each leg, a long strip of skin was removed and another long strip from the outside of each arm reaching from wrist to shoulder and then passing down diagonally to the lower part of the sternum, where it met the strip taken from the other side. Just above the point of meeting, a circular piece of skin about three or three and a half inches in diameter was removed, this representing the sun, while above it on the chest a crescent shaped piece of skin of about the same length from point to point represented the moon. Originally these pieces of skin were taken out with a flint knife. At the time when Stone Forehead died, his son and successor was far away with the Southern Cheyenne. It was there-

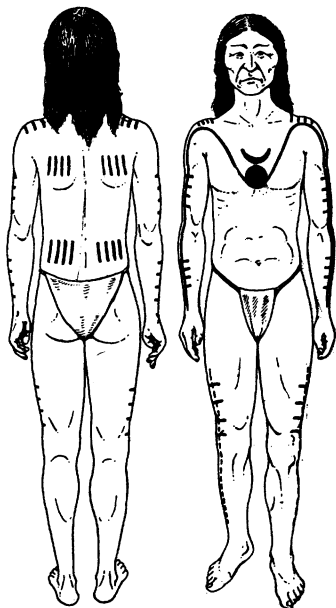


FIG. 58.—Oldtime cutting in the skin of medicine-arrow keeper.

fore impossible for him to perform the ceremonial cuttings on his son, and as they had not been performed on Black Hair Dog, the latter could not cut his successor. The practice thus became obsolete.

The renewing of the medicine arrows was perhaps the most solemn religious ceremony the Cheyenne knew. The operation consisted in taking the points from the arrows, replacing them, with fresh windings, and renewing the feathers. This ceremony was sometimes performed to prevent anticipated evil, sometimes to put an end to a present misfortune, and sometimes as an atonement or sacrifice. If the Cheyenne were engaged in wars and many of their people were being killed, or, if a man of the tribe had been killed by one of his fellows, the arrows were renewed. On such an

occasion, when taken out and inspected the heads of the arrows were found to be bloody, or to be dotted with little specks of blood. Sometimes such marks were seen on the arrows when nothing of this kind had taken place, and in such a case the people knew, either that someone would be killed or else that a great sickness threatened the camp. A man in great danger might pledge himself to renew the arrows if he escaped, or, if badly wounded, he might promise to renew them if he recovered.

The ceremony did not occur with any regularity. It was not annual like the medicine lodge, but took place when occasion seemed to demand. The arrows might be renewed two or three times within a single year, or a year or more might elapse between the performances of the ceremony. It might take place at the request of a soldier band, or on the advice of priests, but the ceremony might not be performed without the consent of the keeper of the arrows. On one occasion, however, a soldier band, by violence, forced the arrow keeper against his protest to renew the arrows at an inauspicious time. The arrow keeper, White Thunder, prophesied that the next time this soldier band went to war all its members would be killed. The very next spring when this soldier band went to war the party of forty-two was surrounded, and they were killed to a man.

When it had been determined that the medicine arrows should be renewed, runners were sent to each outlying camp to summon all the people to come together. Usually all were glad to obey, since the renewing of the arrows was for the general welfare and all wished to share the good influences exerted by the ceremony. People not present at the renewing of the arrows were thought to be no longer under their favorable influence—no longer protected by them and so exposed to a variety of misfortunes. If any little groups of people were unwilling to come in, it was the duty of the soldiers to force them to do so, and, if they were obstinate and inclined to refuse, they were punished by the destruction of their lodge poles, the cutting up of their lodges, or perhaps even by the killing of their horses. If some still refused to obey, the camp circle was so placed that its opening should not face in the direction of the camp of recalcitrants.

It is difficult to find a tradition of one who has refused to come

to this gathering when summoned, yet about forty years ago Big Ribs, a famous man among the Southern Cheyenne declined to obey the summons of the soldiers. He had served as a scout with the white men and his faith in the protective power of the arrows had been shaken. Several times he was sent for and declined to obey, and at length one day he saw a body of soldiers coming toward his camp, and believed that they intended to use harsh measures. With rifle in hand he stepped out in front of his lodge and stopped the soldiers when they were yet at a distance. He called out to them saying they had already come for him a number of times, and that he did not intend to obey their orders. "There are many of you," he said, "and if you choose to come for me you can kill me, but you all know me. I have a number of shots in my gun and before you kill me I shall probably kill several of you. If you come toward me beyond that bush I shall begin to shoot." Big Ribs was known as one of the bravest men and greatest warriors among the Cheyenne, and the soldiers after consulting together turned back and did not trouble him further. He is said to be the only man that ever faced and frightened off a band of the Cheyenne soldiers.

When the arrows were to be renewed all of the people came together in a great gathering. The occasion was one of kindness and good feeling among them; feasting went on continually, and men, women, and children visited one another and renewed old friendships; while relatives saw their young kinsfolk whom they had never met before.

As the people drew together, the soldier bands that had charge of the ceremony ordered the pitching of the circle with unusual care. In its center a shelter or shade was built as headquarters for the soldiers, and from these headquarters men were constantly moving about the camp to see that the inner circle was exact, that no lodges stood too far forward and that the largest lodges were pitched on the inner side of the circle. The outer border of the circle was unimportant and the lodges of any clan might extend out into the prairie. While the soldiers were riding about, attending to the forming of the camp circle, they were at liberty to shoot with an arrow any dog that they might care to. This they often did, choosing a fat young dog and having a feast.

While the work of renewing the arrows was going on everything in the camp was kept very quiet, and when the old feathers were about to be taken off soldiers passed about through the camp and obliged all persons to enter their lodges and remain there until this work had been done. However, women who were at a little distance from the camp—down at the stream getting water, or working quite outside the camp—were not usually forced into their lodges, yet occasionally it happened that those who were dressing hides at a little distance and did not at once cease their labors, if advised to do so, had their robes cut up as punishment.

This was an especially favorable time for practicing the healing art. Sweat lodges were built outside the circle and in them the sick were treated. Doctors renewed their supplies of roots and medicines, pulverizing and mixing their remedies during these four days. Medicines prepared during this time were believed to be stronger and more efficacious than those made at any other season.

It was also a favorable time for the renewal of shields, for painting them over again, putting on new feathers, and repairing them. This work was done in a lodge very quietly. No women were permitted in the lodge. The cooking was done outside and the food brought to the door. If the arrows were renewed in the spring—at which time the bull's hide was in the best condition for making shields—people were likely to make new shields then.

When the time had come for the renewal of the arrows, a large lodge, *Mā hē yūm*, formed of two ordinary lodges, was built in the center of the circle, the shade for the soldiers having been removed, and the bands having gone to their lodges in the circle. Sometimes the work was done in the lodge and sometimes out of doors. In any event only the arrow keeper and his assistants worked at them, though a lodge full of men—old chiefs and men who had previously taken part in the ceremony—might be present.

The man who was to renew the arrows went to the lodge of the arrow keeper, who delivered to him the bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a coyote. He who had received it, accompanied by the members of his own soldier society, all of them praying and crying aloud for help, carried it to the center lodge and entered. A large buffalo chip had been placed at the back of the lodge, and

this chip was covered with stems of the white sage. The man very reverently and slowly put down the bundle on this bed.

Then, wearing his robe hair-side out and carrying a pipe, he turned about and left the lodge. Going through the village he offered this pipe to four old men that he had chosen—important men in the tribe, and especially good arrow makers—and asked them to come with him and renew the arrows. When these old men had smoked and so had promised to do as he asked them, he returned to the lodge whither the old men soon followed him. Many good arrow makers feared to take part in this work, and, if they thought it likely that they would be called on to do so, were careful to absent themselves from their lodges when a visit was anticipated. Such men took the responsibility of this work greatly to heart and believed that if anything went wrong—if a sinew broke or a feather slipped—it might bring them bad fortune.

The man who was having the arrows renewed presented one or more horses to the arrow keeper, and to the men whom he asked to help him he presented a horse each, or perhaps a smaller present—a blanket or a robe—the value of the payment depending somewhat on his means. On the other hand, his relatives often contributed property to help make these payments, and these contributions later were repaid by the man, or, if he did not live long enough to make the payment, by his children.

The work done on the arrows was very fine—being the work of the best craftsmen. The sinew on the points extended three or four inches down on the shaft; it was whitened with white clay and it was put on so that the wrapping appeared white. While the arrows were being renewed, a man sat with a pile of sticks before him, and, as each operation was performed on the four arrows, he put aside four sticks to represent the completion of this particular operation on all four. These sticks when counted, are said to have been found to number 144, representing 36 operations.

The old men who were working at the arrows were naked and painted; and the man who had pledged himself to have the arrows renewed, also naked and painted, each foot resting on a large buffalo chip, squatted at the back of the lodge, a little to the left of the fire, as one looks toward the door; that is to say, a little north of west

of the fire, if the lodge faced east as usual. He was obliged to remain in this posture all day long. It was extremely fatiguing. The work on the arrows was carried on at the back of the lodge, a little to the right of the fire.

During the ceremony no dog was permitted to enter the lodge or even to show its head inside, and a man was chosen to sit immediately south of the door to keep dogs out. He was provided with a stick, and all night long he sat there moving the stick up and down ready to strike any dog that might put its head in at the door. As one man could not keep this up for four nights, four men were usually chosen for this task, one for each night.

The work of renewing the arrows occupied four days, and on the morning of the fifth day they were taken out and tied to a forked pole set in the ground, about fifty yards in front of the lodge in the center of the circle. They were not in a close bundle, but were tied a little across one another so that the point and feather of each arrow was plainly visible. The two buffalo arrows pointed upward and the two man arrows downward. Here they stood in the center of the camp, so that all the males might approach close to them and look at them, but the women were not permitted to go near them.

It has been generally supposed by those who knew of the existence of the medicine arrows that these are still in the possession of the tribe. This, however, is not a fact. In the year 1830 the Pawnee captured these arrows from the Cheyenne and they still possess two of them. The Cheyenne recovered one from the Skidi, or Wolf Pawnee, by a trick, and appear to have obtained another from the Sioux, who perhaps had captured it from the Pità hāu.i' răt, one of the Pawnee tribes.

Dr George A. Dorsey, in vol. v, N. S., of the *American Anthropologist* (pp. 644-658), has told "How the Pawnees captured the Cheyenne Medicine Arrows." The story agrees in many respects with the one I have heard, but some discrepancies appear which should perhaps be pointed out. His account seems to come from the Pawnee. He speaks of four arrows, one painted red, another white, another yellow, and the fourth black. The Cheyenne, however, say, as already related, that the shafts of two of the arrows

were black while two were red. Many years ago the Pawnee told me that the stone points of the arrows had these different colors.

The story of the capture of the arrows by the Pawnee has been told me independently by Gentle Horse, a famous Cheyenne, who participated in the fight, by Pipe Chief, a Skidi, who was present on the Pawnee side, by the daughter of Big Eagle, who led the Skidi in the fight, and by Elk River, who as a boy was present on the Cheyenne side. These accounts, though differing, as is natural, in minor points, agree precisely as to the main facts. Gentle Horse was born in the year 1800 and died in the spring of 1894. Pipe Chief was perhaps a few years younger. Elk River was born about 1818 or 1820, and died in the winter of 1908-9, a very old man. He was the last of the eye witnesses of the events to be narrated. I give first the narrative as told by the Skidi.

The Skidi were on the head of the South Loup in Nebraska and were about to sacrifice a captive to the Morning Star (*Op'rikūs*). A party who were starting out hunting were attacked by the Cheyenne, and they had a battle. Among the Skidi was a sick man who had long been ill and was discouraged and no longer cared to live. Some of the accounts say that this man was crippled by rheumatism. (The Cheyenne on the other hand say that his leg was broken in the fight.) While the fight was going on this man went out and sat down on the ground alone in front of the Pawnee line so that if the Pawnee retreated he would be killed. After he had been sitting there for a short time, a Cheyenne brave named Bull rode out of the line and charged toward the Pawnee, and, when he came to this man who was sitting on the ground, he endeavored to ride over him, and at the same time thrust at him with a lance that he held in his hand, to strike him. The horse which the Cheyenne was riding refused to run over the sick man, but turned aside, and when Bull leaned over and reached out to thrust at the Pawnee, the Pawnee moved his body to one side and avoided the stroke, grasped the lance, and pulled it out of the Cheyenne's hand, almost dragging him from his horse. When the Cheyenne had lost his lance, he turned about and rode back to his line crying. The sick man looked at the lance, and found that it had a flint head, and that back of the head was a bundle done up in a wolf skin. He called out to his people, "Come here quickly and take this. Here is something wonderful (*tī wă' ūks tī* = mysterious)"; and some of the Skidi rode out to him, took the lance, and brought it to Big Eagle, the Skidi chief.

After Big Eagle had received the lance and had looked at it, he charged

the Cheyenne, carrying the lance in his hand; and when he charged them they all retreated. There was one of them who was very brave and wished to strike Big Eagle, for Big Eagle was finely dressed and rode a spotted horse and was doing brave things, and the Cheyenne had said, "Whoever strikes that brave man will do a great thing." When Big Eagle saw that the Cheyenne wished to strike him, he turned his horse and rode away. The Cheyenne followed, and Big Eagle let him almost overtake him and then turned and rode at him. The Cheyenne turned to flee but Big Eagle overtook him and came near enough to strike him in the buttocks with the lance. Soon after this the Cheyenne gave up the fight and went off.

The Cheyenne knew Big Eagle by the name Spotted Horse which they had given him from the color of the horse he rode in this fight.

When the Pawnee examined the bundle tied to the lance they found in it four arrows, flint-pointed and feathered with eagle feathers. They were wrapped in the roach from the skin of a coyote—a strip from the back. Each arrow-head was of a different color, one black, one white, one yellow, and one red. The Pawnee could see that the Cheyenne thought a great deal of these arrows and mourned greatly over their loss. They thought that perhaps they were sacred; and when they had looked at them and had seen their color, they remembered that in the old days when the Skidi used to have medicine lodge dances,¹ they set up about the lodge in which they danced, at the four cardinal points, four posts, big peeled trees, painted, the one to the north black, that to the east white, that to the south red, and that to the west yellow. When they looked at these arrows and saw that they were of the same colors as these posts used to be, they thought that the arrows were perhaps some medicine of the Cheyenne, and that perhaps they even had something to do with the medicine lodge of the Skidi.

With the Skidi at this time were a few of the Pitā hāū ī'rāt and after the fight was over one of the arrows was given to them, while the Skidi kept three.

Some years before this, during an interval of peace, a young Pawnee man had married a Cheyenne girl and had gone to live with her people. Not long after the capture of the arrows the Cheyenne sent this young man as a messenger to ask the chiefs of the Pawnee to come and visit the Cheyenne and bring these arrows with them, saying that they would give them many horses for the arrows. After the chiefs received this message and had talked the matter over, they decided to accept the invitation, but to take with them only two of the arrows. They sent word therefore to the Cheyenne that on a certain day they would be at a place of meeting. Big Eagle started

¹ The Young Dog's Dance. *Journ. Am. Folk-Lore*, IV, pp. 307-313.

in time to keep the appointment, taking with him a large party of Skidi, most of whom—because they had been promised so many horses—went on foot. They took with them two of the arrows, one being in charge of Big Eagle while the other was carried by a certain doctor. When the Pawnee were near the appointed place they sent on to the Cheyenne camp a messenger with tobacco, to let the Cheyenne know that they were near. The Cheyenne camp was on the South Platte close to the mountains, not far from a high peak called the Chief Mountain (Pike's Peak).

The Cheyenne sent word to the Pawnee asking them to wait for them on a hill at some distance from the camp, for they wished to come out and receive them with ceremony. The Cheyenne made themselves ready as if for war, painted themselves, tied up their horses' tails, and rode out, and when they were near the Pawnee they charged down on them yelling and shouting. A big dust flew up into the air. The Cheyenne rode round and round the Pawnee, drawing nearer and nearer as they circled about them, and at length some of the Cheyenne began to reach out and touch the Pawnee, to count coup on them, each Cheyenne trying to excite the others to strike the first blow and wound or kill a Pawnee. When they saw the medicine arrow held up by the doctor, who stood on the hill near Big Eagle, all began mourning and crying and tried still more to excite each other. This lasted so long that the Pawnee began to think they wished to fight and would presently attack them, and Big Eagle gave orders to his people to string their bows and get their arrows ready.

Among the Cheyenne was a woman of high rank who had counted coup on her enemies many times. She was like a chief and they honored her more than a man. She rode up at this time, and began to call out to her people and to order them back, and at last she rode in among them, striking them with her quirt until she drove them back so that they scattered in every direction like blackbirds.

After this rebuke the Cheyenne came to their senses and remembered that they had promised the Pawnee many horses and presents for one of these arrows. They now approached the Pawnee as friends and shook hands with them, and some, who were brave, got off their horses and gave them to the Pawnee, while some gave sticks to represent the horses that they would give them when they reached the camp. Some Pawnee received six sticks, some seven, and some ten. The Cheyenne asked the Pawnee to go to their camp, and they set out.

As they were starting, Big Eagle warned the doctor who carried the arrow to look closely after it. He had put it into his sacred bundle. Soon after they set out, a Cheyenne chief, whose name was Bük sít' sū, and who

had always been friendly with the Pawnee, rode up beside the doctor and said to him, "Brother, you have traveled a long way carrying your load, and you must be tired. Give me your bundle and let me carry it for you to the camp." "No," said the doctor, "I can carry it very well." Soon after this they came to a river, and just before they reached it Būk sīt' sū again said to the doctor, "Brother, we are going to cross the stream now. Let me carry your bundle for you." The doctor replied to him, "You must ask the chief, Big Eagle, about this." Būk sīt' sū went to Big Eagle and said to him, "Brother, you have come a long distance and you are all tired. You Pawnee are my friends. Let me carry my brother's bundle across the river for him. I shall be right close to you." Big Eagle asked the other chiefs what they thought about this. They said "If Būk sīt' sū will go close in front of him with the bundle, we are willing that he should carry it. Būk sīt' sū agreed to do this, and Big Eagle told the doctor to give him the bundle, but added, "Follow close behind him as you cross over."

The Cheyenne camp was some distance beyond the stream. When they had gotten into the water, Būk sīt' sū whipped up his pony a little, so that it went faster than the doctor could walk. The doctor tried to stop him, but the horse went up out of the stream before the doctor had reached the other side. When the horse had gotten up on the bank Būk sīt' sū put his heels against its sides, and it began to trot a little. Before the doctor could put on his moccasins and leggings Būk sīt' sū was quite a long way off, and though the doctor called to him he did not stop and was soon lost to sight in the crowd of Cheyenne horsemen. When the doctor saw that he could not overtake him, he hurried back and told Big Eagle that the arrow was lost, and they all felt badly.

When the Pawnee reached the first Cheyenne camp they were given some of the horses that had been promised them—a few. Some of them mounted these horses and set out to search for Būk sīt' sū through the different Cheyenne camps. These camps were placed at intervals for a long distance up the river. At each camp they reached they asked for Būk sīt' sū and the bundle, and at each were told that he had gone on to the next camp beyond and pushed on to overtake him. They kept doing this until night fell and then gave up the pursuit.

In the meantime the Pawnee had been well received in the first camp and had been taken to the different lodges and fed. The next morning a few horses were given to them, some of them very thin and others so wild that they could not be ridden. Big Eagle asked the Cheyenne chief to get the horses for the sticks that had been given the Pawnee, but the chief said that the Pawnee must find the men that gave the sticks. The Cheyenne said

also "In the next camp is the head chief of all the Cheyenne. He counted coup on Spotted Horse in the fight on the South Loup and struck him on the hip with a lance. You will do well to see him." Big Eagle said, "I should like to see this chief."

When they went to that camp a council was held, and Big Eagle saw that the head chief was the man that he had lanced in the fight when the arrows were taken. At this council he again asked for horses for the sticks that the Pawnee had, but the Cheyenne did nothing and at length the Pawnee became angry and threw away the sticks. Some of the Cheyenne had by this time learned who Big Eagle was, and at this council they asked him if it was true that the head chief had counted coup on him by striking him in the buttocks with a lance.

Then Big Eagle stood up and said, "Brothers, that is not true. I have never been touched there with a spear." He let fall his robe and, standing before them naked, said, "Look at me, look closely at my body and see if you find on it a spear mark. There is none. That man did not spear me but I struck him with your own lance. Look at his body and on him you will find the mark." The Cheyenne saw that this was true and afterward never recognized that chief.

Big Eagle did not like the way the Cheyenne had treated his people. They had run off with one arrow; they would not bring the horses for the sticks that they had given, nor would the chiefs make them do it. He determined that he would not give them the other arrow. So the Pawnee left the Cheyenne camp and started toward the head of the Arkansas river where the Arapaho were camped, and when they reached there they had a friendly talk with the Arapaho. These had some whisky in their possession and told the Pawnee that they ought to drink together like brothers. They did so and all got drunk. While they were drunk Big Eagle began to think how badly the Cheyenne had treated him and that the Arapaho were the friends of the Cheyenne, and all this made him so sad and angry that he beat the head chief of the Arapaho; a Pawnee chief named Big Leader beat another Arapaho chief.

The next day, the Pawnee started again for their own country. They had some horses, but not as many as had been promised them, so Big Eagle sent back four of his braves to take horses from the Cheyenne and when the main body of the Pawnee reached the forks of the Platte these four men overtook them with a great herd of horses. (One or two of these horses were described with great particularity by Pawnee who were in the party and in the year 1890, when I described one of these horses to Gentle Horse, he remembered it perfectly, gave its name and the ornament it had worn on the neck, and told one or two anecdotes about it.)

The previous account of the battle, the capture of the arrows, and the adventures of the Pawnee when visiting the Cheyenne come wholly from Pawnee sources. The date of the event was given me by Gentle Horse and was confirmed by Pipe Chief, the Pawnee, in the year 1890. Nothing was said to either man that might suggest to him the date of the occurrence. Each one counted up the time in his own way and each agreed that the event had taken place sixty years before. A number of aged men still alive had been told by their mothers that the arrows were captured by the Pawnee a certain number of years before they were born, and all the testimony seems to show that 1830 was the year of the capture.

I now offer the testimony of the last eye-witness of this fight, Elk River, Mō ě i' yōhē, who died no longer ago than 1909. He had long been considered the oldest man among the Northern Cheyenne and was probably nearly or quite ninety years old. He could not fix for me the date of the capture, but declared that he was a boy big enough to go about alone with his bow and arrows when the event took place. He says that he was a big boy when Gray Thunder was killed, an event which happened in 1838.

The whole Cheyenne tribe, women, children, and all, had set out on an expedition to destroy the Pawnee. As was always the case when the whole tribe moved to war, they had with them the medicine arrows and the sacred hat, Īs' sī wūn. From this main party scouts had been sent out to look for the Pawnee camp, for the Cheyenne had moved eastward and were really now in the Pawnee country. Several parties of these scouts returned to camp reporting that they could find no signs of the Pawnee camp.

Now a large war party was sent out and traveled for several days without seeing anything, and then sent back to the camp four men to tell the tribe not to follow the trail of the war party, but to make a cut-off across country and join them at a place which was indicated. The war party declared it would keep on until the Pawnee were found. This war party had been camped on Birdwood creek, a stream where there was much timber and many birds of all kinds. It runs into the North Platte river from the north, just above the forks.

The great Cheyenne camp was moving and the people were traveling along carelessly in little groups. All at once a great excitement arose among the people at the head of the line, for it was discovered that four Cheyenne had been killed by their Pawnee foes. These were the four messengers

sent back from the war party. They were found on the little stream where for some time they had fought, using a bank as a breastwork, but they had been driven out of their stronghold, and the signs showed where they had fought on the prairie, and had been killed, and their bodies afterward dragged about. The place where they were killed was afterward called Tsik hōhk tsīn āūhk', Where-the-scouts-were-killed-and-rotted.

When this discovery was made the head men stopped, filled the pipe, and smoked. They waited for the rest of the camp to come up. Two of the men killed were Light (Wōk kās') and Roasting (Sē' ūh tǎn o, the brother of High Wolf, Ōni' ōhk ā ē hō ō ist, the man afterwards painted by Catlin).

Now, from the main camp, as it moved on, more scouts were sent out to search for the Pawnee camp. When they returned and reported to the chiefs, they pointed to a high blue ridge, far off, with a big point extending down from it toward the Cheyenne camp and said, "At the head of the stream which comes down by that ridge and point is the Pawnee camp. We have watched it and we think that since they killed these four men the Pawnee have sent runners to all the camps, for they are moving in toward that place from all directions. They are already putting up breastworks."

The Cheyenne felt very badly over the killing of their scouts and were impatient to do something to get revenge. All that day and that night they kept traveling toward the Pawnee camp, and late in the night they had come near to it, and there they formed a line.

The next morning those who were watching the Pawnee camp saw a number of Pawnee mounting and preparing to start out to chase buffalo. The Cheyenne, before making an attack, waited, hoping that these persons would get away from camp, but some of the Pawnee rode so near the Cheyenne line that the Cheyenne charged them and the fight began. When the Cheyenne made this charge, the man who was carrying the medicine arrows and who ought to have been ahead of the line was left behind in the rush. The women and children, who had pressed forward, close behind the line of men, had, as was the custom, formed a circle there as if about to camp.

The man who was carrying the medicine arrows was named Bull. Usually, when carried into battle, the medicine arrows were tied together in pairs, somewhat as they were tied to the forked stake when exhibited to the men after they had been renewed. But in the hurry of this attack all four of these arrows were tied together near the point of the lance which Bull was carrying.

When Bull reached the flat ground where the battle was going on, he rode toward a Pawnee whose leg had been broken, and who was sitting out

in front of the Pawnee line. Some Cheyenne, who saw that Bull was riding forward to strike this wounded man called out, "Do not go near him, he has already been killed"—that is, struck, counted coup on—but Bull rode at the Pawnee and thrust at him with his lance. The Pawnee avoided the stroke, but caught the lance and dragged it out of Bull's hand. When he did this the Pawnee charged and the Cheyenne, too, made a fierce charge, hoping to recover the arrows. The Pawnee, however, got there first and one of them seized the arrows and rode away with them. The Cheyenne killed the Pawnee whose leg had been broken, but the medicine arrows were gone.

This fight took place on a wide flat. The Pawnee camp was in plain sight and the circle of the Cheyenne women saw the fight; the Pawnee women could see it also. Both camps witnessed the battle.

A young man of the Cheyenne went back to their camp where were the old men, the women, and the children and told them that the medicine arrows had been captured. Then men, women, and children all cried. Soon after this the fight stopped, and the Cheyenne moved back away from the Pawnee camp. How many were killed on either side was not known. The whole camp was crying all the time as it moved along, mourning over the loss of the medicine arrows more than over the loss of the people who had been killed.

The Cheyenne kept traveling until they had returned to the place from which they had started—their own country. When they made camp a lodge for the medicine arrows was pitched in the usual place, but it was empty: the arrows were gone.

So much for the capture of the arrows as Elk River saw it when a young boy and as he must have heard it talked over a thousand times, for of all subjects that the Cheyenne had to discuss, for a number of years after the event nothing could have been more important.

But it is evident that the Cheyenne could not exist without medicine arrows. Elk River goes on to say:

For the next two or four years many presents were taken into the lodge of the medicine arrows, many offerings made to the spirits (*Ma i yūn'*) asking for help and protection. After these two or four years it was determined to renew the arrows—to make four new ones. The arrow keeper had four assistants, men who were connected with the medicine arrows and who helped him to care for them. One of these was named Gray Hair. When it was determined to make new arrows, Gray Hair was chosen to go

out of the camp to search for sticks with which to make the shafts of these new arrows, stout shoots of the currant bush. He found these shoots and took them back to the arrow lodge which had been cleaned out and the floor covered with white sage. In the lodge were the presents. Now began the manufacture of the four arrows, all the work being done with the same ceremony, care, and deliberation that ordinarily accompanied the renewing of the arrows. The four shoots brought in by Gray Hair, when they had been cut to the right length, were placed on a bed of white sage. The arrow makers worked over them very slowly, carefully, and reverently, scraping them and smoothing them with the smoothing stones until they were brought down to the right size and had become a little dry. Then very slowly and reverently the grooves were marked in them with four motions, making four zigzags. The ordinary arrows have three grooves, but the medicine arrows have four. The glue used in attaching the feathers was made from the bones of a fish. Buffalo blood was used to color the shafts of the arrows. The black coloring was made by mixing the charcoal from coarse burned grass with blood.

To the making of these new arrows four days were devoted, as in the case of the renewing of the real arrows. Then, on the morning after the fourth night, the arrows were put outside as described, and all the males of the camp looked at them. These new arrows were made in the Măssau'm lodge, and the next morning after they were finished they were taken out of the Măssau'm lodge, carried around it, and then over to the medicine arrow lodge, and hung up over the door of that lodge, horizontally, the points of the arrows being directed toward the south.

At night, when the arrows are put into the lodge, they are grasped by the right hand and the door is lifted with the left hand. The points are introduced and the arrows carried south and west to the back of the lodge and tied to the north pole of the tripod, with points directed toward the north. In the morning, when the bundle is to be taken out of the lodge, the arrow keeper goes directly from his bed to the arrows, takes the bundle in his right hand, unties it from the tripod pole, and keeping the points directed as they were, goes on around the lodge to the door, passes the bundle, points first, out of the door, raises the bundle and ties it over the door in the same position. Thus with relation to the lodge, the points of the arrows move always in the direction of the sun.

I understand that it was after the Cheyenne had made the four new arrows that they recovered the single arrow from the Pawnee. Later, according to Elk River, the Burnt-thigh Sioux had a fight with the Pawnee and captured one of the medicine arrows. The

Sioux sent word to the Cheyenne that they purposed to bring home to them one of the medicine arrows, and as they moved toward the Cheyenne some of these visited the Sioux and, returning, reported to the tribe that this arrow was really one of the medicine arrows. When this was returned it was put with the other medicine arrows, making, with the arrow recovered from the Pawnee, six arrows in all.

The Cheyenne account of the recovery of the arrow from the Pawnee differs from the Pawnee story, as shown by the following statement:

A party of Cheyenne, consisting of Old Bark (Hā āūph' sī vīn ūh', Ugly Face) and his wife, White Thunder and his wife, and Doll Man, went to the Pawnee some time after the arrows had been captured.

The five people approached the Pawnee camp secretly and, when they were close to it, walked boldly in among the lodges. Meeting a young Pawnee, they asked him where the chief lived. The Pawnee, seeing that they belonged to another tribe, looked at them in astonishment and then pointed to one of the lodges and said, "Right over there is where the chief lives." They went to the chief's lodge as quickly as they could, entered and sat down. When they were inside they felt safe for the time being. The lodge owner looked at them in surprise, and then told his wife to offer them water and then food. After they had eaten and drunk they could not be killed. They remained there in the lodge. The Pawnee chief sent out messengers and called in all the principal men, and they talked over the situation. The medicine arrows were hanging in this lodge. It was the lodge of Big Spotted Horse (Big Eagle), the chief who had captured the arrows, and therefore this must have been a Skidi village. The visitors explained by signs the purpose of their coming, and at length the Pawnee chief took down the bundle in which the arrows were wrapped and said, "My friends, I will give you only one of these arrows; you can choose which one you want." White Thunder selected one of the arrows and lifted it up, holding the point first directed toward the sky, after which he brought the point down and directed it toward the Pawnee chief. As he did this he was saying in Cheyenne—which the Pawnee did not understand—"My friends, now I am going to make a peace with you, but if, after this, you do anything foolish, if you go out against us on the warpath, or send out war parties to steal horses, we will overtake you and kill everyone of you that we find. Not one shall be left alive. This is a solemn promise which we shall keep and which you also must keep." The Pawnee, understanding nothing of what he was saying, replied, "Lau," signifying assent.

The statement made by White Thunder while he held one of the medicine arrows in his hand had all the solemnity of an oath. The bringing down of the arrow so that its point was directed toward the Pawnee chief was in the Cheyenne view a great insult and certain to bring bad luck to the person at whom the arrow was pointed.

Now the Cheyenne said to the Pawnee in signs, which, of course, they understood, "Now, my friends, I should like to have you come along with us to the camp. No one of the Arapaho or Cheyenne will kill you. I can not say anything about the Sioux, but if anyone does attack you I will be there and will fight by your side." The Pawnee agreed to go and the whole party started on foot. The Pawnee did not think it worth while to take horses, since White Thunder promised them that when they reached the Cheyenne camp they would be given many horses.

They started out and finally came to a great camp of Cheyenne and Arapaho on the Arkansas River. There the Cheyenne gave them many horses, and one Pawnee, named Otter Cap, remained there with the Cheyenne and married a Cheyenne woman. (His son, Big Baby, was alive in 1908. The woman he married was the mother of Old Wolf Face, who also was alive in 1908.)

The arrow recovered directly from the Pawnee was, we are told, one of the buffalo arrows. That which came through the Sioux was one of the man arrows. About this last there are various stories. Some say that this arrow was captured from the *Pit' ă hău i' răt*; others say that the *Pit' ă hău i' răt* presented the arrow given them by the Skidi to the Arikara, who traded it either to the Sioux or to the Cheyenne. When returned to the Cheyenne it was in very bad condition, covered with buffalo grease and the feathers almost worn off. "It looked as if it had been given to the children to play with."

The Cheyenne now took two of the new medicine arrows and prepared to offer them as a sacrifice. Many gifts were brought into the arrow lodge, and after more or less ceremony the two arrows were wrapped up with this bundle of presents, and the bundle was taken up on a high butte in the Black Hills and deposited in a crevice of the rock. From time to time thereafter, as the Cheyenne passed through that country, someone would climb up to the place to look at these arrows. The bundle was there for a long time, but at length someone went up there and found that

it had disappeared. There was nothing to show how the arrows had gone or when. The stone points of the new arrows were intended to be exactly like those of the original arrows; as a matter of fact they are somewhat shorter.

IS' SĪ WUN, THE SACRED HAT

The sacred hat of the Cheyenne (Is' sĭ wŭn) is made of the skin of a buffalo cow's head; and a pair of buffalo cow horns shaved down, flattened, and somewhat decorated were, up to a few years ago, still attached to the hat.

Like the arrows, the hat was in the custody of a man, and by the old law the office was hereditary. For the guardian of the hat they preferred a man who was brave, quiet, not talking much, and very little given to wandering about. The man who held the office was never killed or even wounded in war; nor was he ever sick, but lived to full age, dying at last nearly a hundred years old. His lodge had a sacred character, and in the old formal days certain rules were observed in it. The hat was kept in this lodge, usually in a sack of buffalo hide, on which the hair had been left, and trimmed about the border with the tails of buffalo. During the day, in fair weather, the bundle containing the hat was tied to two of the lodge poles, above and outside of the door, and at night it hung on a tripod by the head of the bed occupied by its keeper.

In old times, a person was not permitted to stand up in the hat lodge; he who entered must walk to his place and sit down without delay. No one must speak in a loud voice. Low tones must always be used. A child brought into this lodge for the first time must be prayed over and warned to speak in a low voice. Some proper person must place his hands on the bundle containing the hat, and then rub them down over both sides of the child's body. If by a mischance anyone should throw against the lodge a little stick or stone he must be taken into the lodge and prayed over, and hands that had been placed on the earth should be passed over his body on both sides.

An enemy who entered this lodge might not be harmed. He was safe—as safe as if in his own home.

In this lodge certain things were forbidden. No moisture must fall on the floor. No one might throw water on the floor nor spit

on it, nor blow his nose with his finger there. Any of these things would cause a heavy rain-storm. It was not permitted to blow the fire with the mouth. A long stem with a hole through it was used for this purpose. If this rule were broken and the fire blown with the mouth, a great wind would follow. No one while in this lodge might scratch the head or body with the finger-nails. Each man who entered it to visit or smoke with the people of the hat carried a little pointed stick to use if necessary. One who scratched the body with the finger-nails would be afflicted with the itch where he scratched.

It was not permitted to knock or tap anything, neither to hack a stick nor to chop a bone, unless, before making this noise, the man or woman about to do so struck the pole to the right of the door—if looking out—four times, either with the side of the hand or with a stick. Often the fire poker was used for this purpose. After this had been done, the operation of hacking or chopping might be performed without evil consequences. But, if anything was hacked and the lodge pole was not struck ceremonially, the person doing the chopping would become deaf. The pole struck was one of the two to which during the day the hat was tied. It was always the same pole, one of the three first put up—the three tied together—when the Cheyenne lodge is erected.

When the pipe was lighted in the lodge, it was pointed first at the pole against which the blows were struck—this pole standing for the hat,—then to the sky, and then to the ground.

The hat, *Is' sí wūn*, was shown only on the occasion of a great sickness, or when the medicine arrows were renewed, or when it was taken out to be worn in war. In the first case it was shown in the lodge, which was thrown open, the people entering from the south side, passing around and out at the north. The people passed between the hat and the lodge poles. The hat rested on a bed of white sage, on the middle one of a line of five buffalo chips. The whole floor of the lodge was sprinkled with pure white sand. As the people passed by the hat, they made their prayers and passed their hands over it, and then over their children.

The skin of which the hat is composed is covered with large blue beads. No hair is to be seen. The beads do not look as if they

were sewed on with sinew, but rather as if they were glued on, and it is said that as one looks at this beaded surface it seems to move.

When taken to war, if one or more of the beads stood up above the general surface of the beads, the Cheyenne knew that as many of their people would be killed as there were beads projecting above this surface. After the fight it was always found that all the beads had returned to their places,—that the surface was smooth. If, when a war party was absent, the hat was looked at and some of the beads appeared to be missing, they felt sure that people would be killed, as many as there were beads missing. Afterward, when the war party had returned and they looked at the hat, the beads were all there again, just as if none had been gone.

When the hat was exposed to the general view out of doors—as for example when the arrows were being renewed—it was placed on the middle one of a line of five buffalo chips. This line has been said by old men to have run from east to west. In recent years, the hat has seldom been seen, except now and then when someone wished to present large beads to it. Then, one or a few men might see the bundle unwrapped.

In the old times, when the camp was moving, the wife of the keeper of the hat walked, carrying it on her back, for the hat might neither be carried on a horse nor hauled on a travois. When the camp stopped to rest and smoke, this woman also stopped and put down her load and rested, but she did not sit with the others, not with the crowd, but off to one side. In later times, she who carried the hat sometimes rode.

When the lodge in which the hat was kept had once been pitched, it was not permitted to move it. If it was found necessary to move this lodge, then all the lodges must be taken down and the whole camp must pack up and move, even if the new location were not more than a few hundred yards away.

In the old times, when women saw a man going to the lodge of *Is' sī wūn* to make a sacrifice, they used to gather together their little children and follow him thither. After the keeper of the hat had smoked the pipe brought him by the man who wished to make the sacrifice, and so had accepted the offerings for the hat,

the man might stand in front of the lodge and the little children, being brought to him one by one, he would pass the offering four times over the child's right side from foot to shoulder, and four times over its left side from foot to shoulder, and once over the head from in front backward. This would ward off all sickness from the child, would keep him well and strong and bring him good luck. After all of the children had been thus blessed, the offering was handed to the keeper of the hat, who might attach it to the bundle or might take it out and leave it on the hill as a sacrifice.

In the old days, when the ceremonies concerning these sacred objects were rigidly observed, the crier (*Ē hoo' kwihk'*) was required to go through a certain ceremony in one of these two lodges before he might call out his news. The crier, having been directed by his soldier band to make an announcement, went to one of these lodges and, standing before the custodian of the arrows or of the hat, as the case might be, held out toward him the two hands, edges together and palms up. The medicine man spat—or pretended to do so—at the base of the thumb and of the forefinger of the right hand, and at the base of the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and at the bend of the hands where they touched each other, just below the base of the little fingers, thus making a quincunx. Then he pretended to spit about the circumference of the two palms, still held together, four times. The crier then went through the ceremonial motions, passing his right hand over his right leg from ankle to thigh, the left hand over his right arm from wrist to shoulder, his right hand over his left arm from wrist to shoulder, the left hand over his left leg from ankle to thigh, and then placing both hands on top of his head, the fingers meeting over the crown and the wrists just over the ears, he drew them down. When these motions had been made he might go out and harangue the camp, but if this were not done a great wind storm would come up. All this is now forgotten.

Misfortune came to the Cheyenne through the loss of the medicine arrows and in like manner trouble is believed to have come to them through lack of respect paid to the sacred hat.

For a long time, Half Bear, *Ōhk'ī nā'hkū*, had been the keeper of the hat, and, according to law, the office should have descended

to Coal Bear, Nāh'ko hyō ūs, his son. At the time of Half Bear's death, however, Coal Bear was absent, and when Half Bear felt that he was dying he called to him his close friend, Broken Dish, whom he had been instructing in some of the mysteries of the hat, and said to Broken Dish, "I will not give you *Is' sī wūn* to keep, but I will leave it to you to care for until my son returns." After Half Bear died, the camp moved and traveled toward the Little Big Horn river. Finally, the hat lodge was on the Little Big Horn and people began to gather in, and at last Coal Bear returned to the camp.

Some little time after his return, Coal Bear took four of his best horses, some buffalo robes, and arrows to Broken Dish to pay him for caring for the hat during the time he had had it. But Broken Dish was not ready to give it up. While the people were talking about taking the hat away from Broken Dish for Coal Bear, the wife of Broken Dish took one of the horns from the hat. The gifts were again taken to Broken Dish's lodge and Coal Bear asked for the hat, telling Broken Dish that the hat had not been given to him, but that Broken Dish had been asked by Half Bear to hang up the bundle in his lodge until Coal Bear should come for it. Broken Dish still refused to give it up.

Now the Fox soldiers were called together. They formed in line and, with the chiefs, marched to the lodge of Broken Dish—all of them crying. They took the hat and carried it to Coal Bear and gave it to him. He did not pay Broken Dish for keeping it, nor had Broken Dish paid Half Bear for the privilege of keeping the hat for Coal Bear. Half Bear died in the year 1869, the same winter in which Tall Bull was killed, therefore the hat probably came to Coal Bear in 1873, and he had it for twenty-three years, for he died in 1896. From him the hat went to Wounded Eye. When Coal Bear received the hat, it was not known that a horn was gone from it. After the hat had been taken from Broken Dish, he broke camp and moved away and afterward lived with the Sioux. He never returned to the camp.

The wife of Broken Dish was sister of the wife of Dragging Otter, and, when all of Broken Dish's family died, the horn which had been removed went to the sister of the woman who had taken it. When

this woman died, Dragging Otter retained it and on his death it passed into the hands of Three Fingers, the titular chief of the Southern Cheyenne, and finally was by him taken up north in 1908, and returned to Wounded Eye and presumably restored to the hat. For a long time before the death of Broken Dish's wife she carried this horn sewed inside the front of her dress, so that it was always on her person. It is said that, when the soldiers took the hat from Broken Dish, his wife was angry and she poured water from a cup on the floor of the lodge. Soon thereafter it began to rain and it rained hard all that day.

The loss of the horn was not discovered until the hat had been for some time in Coal Bear's custody. When what had occurred became known, it was deemed a great misfortune, and it was predicted that ill luck would follow the tribe, and especially the family of Broken Dish. Both predictions came true; the whole Broken Dish family soon died, the capture of a part of the Northern Cheyenne, their transfer to the southern country, and their flight to the north followed soon after the sacrilege: there was fighting and sickness and the wounding of people, and at last the out-break of Dull Knife's party from Fort Robinson, where many men, women, and children were butchered. Almost all the Cheyenne troubles are believed to have followed close on the loss of their medicine arrows, and the desecration of the sacred hat.

Coal Bear died in 1896. I knew him well. He was a man of great force and of fine character. He bore himself as became the keeper of *İs' sĭ wŭn*. His burial was accompanied with the proper ceremony. The body was placed on the ground on a hill, and was covered with stones. About this pile of stones, at the four cardinal points, four buffalo skulls were placed on the ground. If this tribute were not paid to the keeper of *İs' sĭ wŭn*, it was believed that the buffalo would go away to the north—where they originally came from—and the range would be deserted. But, if this were done, there would always be plenty of buffalo in the country. When he died Coal Bear was not an old man, probably not more than sixty. His death at this early age is believed to have been due largely to the fact that the tribe no longer revered the hat as formerly.

The sack in which the hat was kept is said to have possessed a

certain sacred power. This sack was called Nīm' hō yōh, which means, "over the smoke," referring to the position that the bundle sometimes occupied, tied to a long pole resting against the back of the lodge, so that the sacred bundle actually hung over the smoke-hole.

Wounded Eye (Ī i kai' hīst tū hēh'), the present keeper of the hat, before he received it was restless and disposed to move about, and to build a new house in each stopping place. Since he has received the cap, however, he has not built a house but has lived in a lodge, for this mystery may not be taken into a house, nor may it be carried on a wagon.

In the summer of 1906, while Wounded Eye was absent from home, his lodge blew down. No one in the camp knew what should be done under these circumstances, and for several days nothing was done and the hat lay on the ground. At last a certain person — with many prayers, asking for forgiveness if he¹ was doing wrong — ventured to pick up the hat and hang it up. On Wounded Eye's return the man who had done this was prayed over and purified, by being rubbed down with white sage on both sides of the body. Wounded Eye predicted that the fall of the lodge would be followed by a heavy wind storm. Such a storm came about two weeks later, the most severe in the region for some years. It overthrew many large trees and tore to pieces a windmill. All the lodges in Wounded Eye's camp were blown over except his. This, newly put up, did not go down.

In the year 1906, my friend Mr J. J. White, Jr, had an opportunity of inspecting the horn which had been removed from the sacred hat by the wife of Broken Dish, and has kindly given me an account of the occurrence and made from memory a diagram of the horn. It will be remembered that the horn, after the death of the wife of Broken Dish, passed to her sister, the wife of Dragging Otter, and that when his wife died Dragging Otter retained the horn. At the time when it was exposed to view, Mr White, George Bent, Dragging Otter, Three Fingers, and Frank Cook were in the lodge.

"The ceremony began by Dragging Otter's biting off a piece of root—supposed to be sweet root—and spitting it ceremonially on the hands of Three Fingers, who passed them ceremonially over his arms and body,

Fire was then called for and Dragging Otter put a small piece of sweet grass broken from a plait of that substance in front of him. Coals were then handed, into the lodge and put in front of Dragging Otter, who sprinkled the sweet grass on the coals.

"The skin bag hung at the back of the lodge in wrappings. A pipe was lighted from the coals and the stem pointed to the bag. The pipe was passed and smoked. It was then passed directly across the lodge—and so across the door—and not back and around the circle. Dragging Otter then blew some of the root again on the hands of Three Fingers, who turned his head to the left.

"Three Fingers now tied up his hair and then began to open the bag, very slowly and reverently untying the string, which is made of dressed buffalo-bull hide. The string was loosened but not untied. Then the horn wrapped in calico, but with the small end protruding from its wrappings, was slowly drawn out of the right hand corner of the bag and set up in front of the bag supported by its wrappings. The curve of the horn pointed to the north. Three Fingers sat at the back of the lodge and a little to the south of the fireplace.

"I was not allowed to have the horn in my hands, but I passed my fingers over it and it felt oily or greasy. On both sides it had been shaved down smooth. The longitudinal grain of the horn was visible, and the surface reminded me of a paper cutter I had once seen said to have been made of rhinoceros horn. The tip was shaved down very thin and at the base the thickness of the horn was from three-eighths to one-half of an inch. The length was between seven and eight inches, and at the widest part it was an inch and a half wide. The general color of the horn is greenish blue, and as it is looked at it seems to change color. The front side is incised toward the point and toward the base by cross parallel lines more or less at right angles to the margin of the horn, as indicated in the diagram (fig. 59), and between these lies a curved line parallel to the outer margin of the horn and about one-quarter of an inch from it. Standing on this curved line are two broadly pyramidal figures, the surface

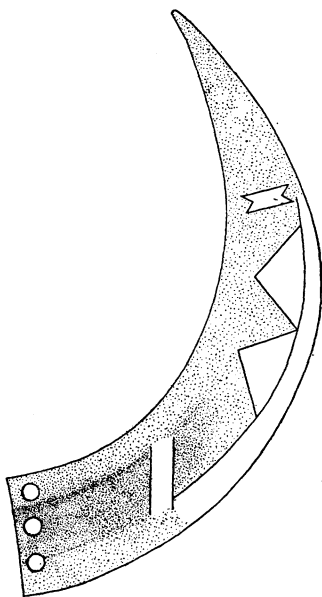


FIG. 59.—Horn attached to sacred hat.

within the pyramidal lines and the curved line being painted red, as are also the incised surfaces running across the horn. At the base of the horn are bored three holes through which no doubt it was originally attached by strings to the cap. On the whole, the horn reminds one strongly of such buffalo horns as were formerly used to ornament the sides of the head pieces of war bonnets. Only faint traces of the old red paint remain.

"After an inspection of the horn, preparation was made to replace it in its sack. When this was done the horn was wrapped in a new piece of calico, the old piece being laid aside to be carried away from the camp and to be left in a hollow in the prairie. In old times, the old wrapping was deposited always in a buffalo wallow.

"Before the horn was replaced Dragging Otter, after chewing some more of the root, spat ceremonially on the hands of Three Fingers, who turned his head to the left. After the horn had been returned to the sack, the wrapping cloths on which the sack had rested were wrapped about it, and the sack was hung up above the lodge entrance."

It is to be noted that the Southern Cheyenne call the sack, which holds the horn, "the cap or hat," in other words, they call it *İs' sĭ wŭn*, and pay to it a reverence like that given to the actual sacred hat. This confirms what is stated in the north that *Nĭm' hō yōh* possesses also a certain sacred power.

It has been said that the arrows and the hat were strong war medicines. On certain occasions, when some grave injury had been inflicted on the Cheyenne by another tribe, the whole camp, carrying the medicine arrows and the sacred hat, moved against its enemies, to seek revenge for the injury.

There are traditions that in the distant past there were several such tribal war expeditions, but nothing definite is known about them. In historic times there have been six such expeditions, one against the Crow, one against the Kiowa, two against the Pawnee, and two against the Shoshoni. The formal moves of the arrows were made only on the pledge of some man or men who belonged to one of the soldier societies. If a man determined to pledge himself to move the arrows to war in revenge for an injury to the tribe, he caused it to be cried through the camp that the next year—after one winter—the tribe with the arrows should move against the enemy. The arrows could not be moved without such a warning.

The first historic move of the medicine arrows against enemies

was against the Shoshoni, probably in 1817. They came back this time without meeting the enemy.

The second recorded move of the arrows was against the Crow in 1820 or about that time. The year before this thirty-two Bow-string soldiers had been killed by the Crow on Crow Standing creek and the following year the village moved with the arrows and captured the Crow camp.

The third move was against the Pawnee in the year 1830 when the medicine arrows were lost.

The fourth move—when, of course, only two of the original arrows could have been carried—was against the allied Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache in the year 1838.

The fifth move was against the Shoshoni in 1843, when they killed a single enemy.

The last move was in 1853 when O' hē tăn carried the pipe to allies of the Cheyenne to induce them to move against the Pawnee to seek revenge for the death of Alights-on-the-Cloud and other prominent men. The Cheyenne were defeated with great loss.

It is a good commentary on the absolute lack of organization among Indians in general that in only two cases were these moves of the arrows successful while one expedition was fruitless, and the two against the Pawnee and one against the Kiowa and Comanche were unsuccessful. In these three cases the Cheyenne were not under such discipline as to be willing to await the completion of the ceremonies of the arrows. They either made the charge before the ceremonies were completed or stole off in little bands to make an attack and do some brave thing. This course, according to Cheyenne belief, neutralized and made of no effect the spiritual power of the arrows.

These sacred things were taken to war only when the whole tribe, men, women, and children, moved. They were never carried on small war parties. Because they belonged to and influenced the whole tribe, the whole tribe must accompany them when they were carried to war—no one might be left behind.

When time had come for battle, a certain ceremony was performed, which was part of the ritual of these sacred objects and had for its purpose the confusing and alarming of the enemy. When

they were about to make the charge, the arrow keeper took in his mouth a bit of the root, which is always tied up with the arrows, chewed it fine, and then blew it from his mouth, first toward the four directions and finally toward the enemy. The blowing toward the enemy was believed to make them blind. After he had done this he took the arrows in his hand and danced, pointing them toward the enemy and thrusting them forward in time to the dancing. He stood with the left foot in front, and with this he stamped in time to the song and the motions. Drawn up in line behind the arrow keeper were all the men of the tribe, standing with the left foot forward as he stood, dancing as he danced, and making, with their lances, arrows, hatchets, or whatever weapons they might hold, the same motions that he made with the arrows. At each motion made by the arrow keeper, all the men who stood behind him gave the shout commonly uttered as they charged down on the enemy.

The first motion of the arrows by the arrow keeper is directed toward the (collective) enemy's foot, the second toward his leg from ankle to thigh, the third against his heart, and the fourth against his head. This is the song which the arrow keeper sings.

Ni' vā tsē ūs tsīn äts'

There you lie helpless

Tsē hīk' i wōn äñ' is

Easily (to be) annihilated

After the arrow keeper had pointed the arrows four times in the direction of the enemy, he thrust them the fifth time toward the ground.

Meantime, all the women and girls had seated themselves on the ground behind the line of men and remained there turning their heads away or covering them with their robes, for they might not look at the arrows.

After the demonstration made against the enemy with the arrows, the young man who had been chosen to carry them into the fight went to the arrow keeper, who tied the arrows to the young man's lance. He who was to wear the sacred hat, *Is' sī wūn*, took that up from the ground and put it on his head, securing it there by means of a string which passed under his chin. Then these

two, riding a little ahead of the line of fighting men, rushed toward the enemy. These two men rode as the lodges stand. That is, the man who carried the arrows rode before the right of the line, and he who carried the hat before the left of the line. When these two, who were on specially chosen swift horses, had come close to the enemy, they rode forward and passed each other in front of the line and then passed around behind it. The purpose of this is to blind, confuse and frighten the enemy.

It has been said that in these campaigns, when the arrows and the hat were taken to war, the ceremony which belonged to the arrows must be performed before any attack was made. The failure to comply with this law took from the arrows the protective power they should have possessed. At the great fight between the Cheyenne and Arapaho on one side and the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache on the other in 1838, this law was disregarded and the Cheyenne believe that this was the cause of their loss of twelve persons, six on the south side and six on the north side of the river, one of the twelve being White Thunder. In the same way, when they strove to avenge Alights-on-the-Cloud in 1853 the Cheyenne lost many of their best men. On this occasion also the young men did not wait for the completion of the ceremony with the medicine arrows, but being impatient to get into battle slipped off and hurried forward passing ahead of the arrows.

The protective power of the arrows, as has been already said, was exercised in a variety of ways. The following example given me by an English-speaking Indian may be repeated.

In 1875, thirty-three Cheyenne young men left the Southern Cheyenne agency at Darlington, I. T., to go north and join the hostile camp. With them went the keeper of the arrows, carrying them on his back. After a short time troops were sent after the Indians to overtake them and bring them back to the agency, but they had determined to fight rather than return. One day, as the Cheyenne were traveling along over the level prairie, a dust was seen behind them and presently those who were following were recognized to be soldiers. The horses of the Indians were in poor condition and they could not run away. The arrow keeper stopped and said, "We are certain to be overtaken. What may we do to

save ourselves?" Presently he told his young men to dismount, sit down on the prairie, cover their heads with their robes or blankets, and look at the ground.

After the young men had all seated themselves on the prairie the arrow keeper put on his robe hair-side out and walked four times around the men and their horses praying. It is not known what he said. The soldiers came on toward them and passed within half a mile or so of the Indians, so close at all events that the sound of their passage could be heard. They paid no regard to the party, for all they saw were some buffalo lying down or feeding on the prairie. The Indians sat still and their horses stood by them, but to all seeming they were a bunch of buffalo. When the sound of the passing soldiers was heard, the Indians looked up and saw them and watched them until they had disappeared in the distance. When they had passed out of sight the Cheyenne mounted and went on their way, but, it is believed, while the soldiers were passing the arrow man had transformed the Indians into buffalo. This happened at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Ed. Guerrier was with the troops as interpreter.

The man who told me this was one of the fleeing Cheyenne. He said in concluding his story "I am educated and I am a Christian, but I must believe what I myself saw."

Such are some of the ceremonials and beliefs connected with the medicine arrows and the sacred hat of the Cheyenne. We may not doubt that there were a multitude of other ceremonials and much ritual, of which a large part has now been forgotten and will never be collected. The young men of the present day know very little about the ancient ceremonies, and excepting in rare instances the old men are reluctant to talk of these things, partly because the subject stirs up painful regrets and partly from the inherited feeling that these are matters which must not be talked of under any circumstances to anyone outside of the tribe. Even among the old men there are many who have no knowledge about these sacred things, whether because they have never been brought in contact with them or because they have forgotten what they once knew. There is as great a difference among Indians in the matter of memory as there is among white men.

Taken in connection with the two articles already cited from the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, I believe that this account gives a fairly just idea of the medicine arrows and the sacred hat of the Cheyenne.

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